

THE QUIVER

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"I shall hate everything French"—p. 596.

TWO STORIES IN ONE.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "SHIRLEY HALL ASYLUM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A MYSTERY.

WE spent our honeymoon at Brighton, and four weeks I believe never were passed in greater happiness by any young couple in this world. During our stay we formed no acquaintances, and those

few whom we had known before, and met there, we avoided, so completely were we absorbed in each other's society. I wrote three times to my mother during the month we were away. Her answer to

my first letter was short, but on the whole very affectionate. She seemed to be labouring at the time she wrote under two different feelings—the one of anger at the manner in which my marriage had taken place, the other the intense love she really felt for me. The only allusion she made to my father was that she had not heard from him, and of my brother Edmond she mentioned not a word. She excused the shortness of her letter under the plea of ill health, and concluded by saying she should always offer up prayers for my continued happiness.

My mother's next letter was somewhat longer than the former. After touching upon different trifling adventures which I had told her respecting our visit at Brighton, she went into details uninteresting to any other than myself. She then told me she had heard twice from my father since her last letter; that he was in good health, and expected to arrive in England in two or three days. She mentioned not one word of his interview with the baron, or whether he had carried out his intention of calling upon him.

In the next letter my mother told me that my father had arrived, and she enclosed from him a short but very affectionate message. I should, however, have been better satisfied had he written me but a line, though the kind feeling his message conveyed made me happy. I naturally concluded when I heard that my father had returned that some allusion would have been made to the baron, but not a word on the subject was mentioned. This not only annoyed me greatly, but made me feel exceedingly anxious. If the meeting had not taken place, I argued, why should the fact be concealed from me; if it had, why should I not be informed of the results? I was naturally most desirous of knowing what sort of a man my father-in-law was, and other details respecting him, but on these heads it was evident I was to remain in ignorance till my return to the metropolis.

On our arrival in London, we took up our abode for the time at the Charing Cross Hotel, with the intention of finding a ready-furnished house, and afterwards to furnish one for ourselves. The day after we came to town I paid a visit to Spital Square, and found both my parents and my brother at home. All received me affectionately, but each in a different manner; and moreover, a preoccupied air seemed to be hanging over them. My father's face bore a serious expression when he embraced me, which I was unable to understand; while a tear came into my mother's eye as she kissed me. On my brother Edmond's countenance I thought I could distinguish the remains of some violent dispute with my father, and I noticed afterwards that not a word passed between them during the whole time of my stay in the house. On me seemed to be thrown the duty of finding the subject for conversation, which naturally turned on my visit to Brighton. They

listened attentively to all I said, and seemed interested in it, but of what had taken place during my absence from home I received no information. Anxiously did I expect to hear something about my father's interview with the baron, but not one word was said.

At last I summoned up courage, and made some remark respecting him, hoping to draw them into conversation on the subject. All my efforts were useless; and although I successively addressed myself to my parents and Edmond, they preserved strict silence, and it was impossible not to perceive that they did so by some pre-arrangement in which they had all determined to give me no information. At length, with a sadder heart than I had felt for some time, I left them, after an affectionate leave-taking with my father and mother. As Edmond accompanied me down-stairs, the thought struck me that possibly, if I could have one interview with him alone, I might succeed in obtaining the information I desired. As he was handing me into the carriage I said to him, "When will you come and see us, Edmond?"

"As soon as you will invite me," he replied.

"Let it be to-morrow then," I said; "and about the middle of the day."

He agreed to the arrangement, and the carriage drove off.

When my husband returned home in the evening, I narrated to him concisely the result of my interview with my family. He became exceedingly angry when he heard the reception I had received, and spoke of them all (Edmond included) in stronger terms than I wish to repeat. I endeavoured to calm him, and to a certain extent succeeded; but to my proposition that he should go and see them, he gave a positive and absolute refusal.

The next day Edmond called according to his promise. I had named noon as the time for our meeting, knowing that my husband would then be in the City, and I should have the opportunity of obtaining the information I wished for. It was some time before I was able to touch on any subject connected with the baron, for Edmond spoke so volubly on his real or fancied grievance—my father's behaviour to him, and his unkindness in not trying to obtain for him a commission—that I had hardly the opportunity of getting in a word on any other subject. His talkative humour, however, to a certain extent gave me some satisfaction, as I drew from it the augury that he would be equally loquacious when I touched upon my father's interview with the baron. In this I was greatly mistaken, for Edmond avoided for some time all my questions with an amount of tact and caution I should hardly have given him, with his impulsive disposition, credit for showing. Determined, however, not to be disappointed, I pressed the question more fully on him. At length, driven into a corner, he turned round, and

fairly at bay, said, "Clara, I will tell you nothing on the subject. If you want any information, ask my father. I have already had annoyance enough about your marriage, and will not implicate myself in it directly or indirectly any further."

I now became very angry with him, and said that at any rate from him I expected something like candid behaviour, but I could perceive by his unkindness that he did not love me.

"Don't talk nonsense, Clara," he said; "you know I love you as much as a brother ever loved a sister: but for all that, I have made up my mind on the subject, and nothing shall change me. If you want any particulars about the baron, as I said before, apply to my father." Then suddenly changing his tone, he continued, "Come—come, Clara, don't let us quarrel; you may not see much more of me, for I am determined not to remain at home, and it will be a hard matter if, during the few times we meet, we cannot remain friends. And now, that there may be a perfect understanding between us, don't let us speak on the subject of the baron, or anybody connected with him again."

After Edmond had left me, his last words, "Do not let us speak of the baron, or anybody connected with him," kept rising perpetually before me. I had great difficulty in coming to the conclusion whether it was merely an offhand method of talking, or whether the words were spoken advisedly; but as often happens in cases of the kind, the more we think over an obscure remark made in conversation, the conclusion we arrive at one moment is negatived the next, and we remain in a state of utter indecision.

Of course I told my husband of Edmond's visit, and the objection he had to speak of anything connected with the baron. He appeared to receive the information in an angry manner, but without making any positive remark. At length I asked him whether it would not be better for him to write to his father, and inquire if any interview had taken place, and if so what were the particulars. And here, for the first time since our marriage, he gave me an angry reply. The next moment, however, he corrected himself, and apologised for his behaviour.

"But do not speak on the subject again," he said, "for I am annoyed at it enough as it is. If your parents and brother and my father cannot manage to arrange affairs comfortably together, why should we annoy ourselves about it? Let them squabble if they please; we are man and wife, and nobody can separate us, so I really must decline commencing my married life by entering on a series of miserable family bickerings. Now, like a dear girl, say no more on the subject."

We now took a small ready-furnished house in St. John's Wood, where we were to remain till we had selected one which was to be a permanent residence.

As soon as we were settled in it, I begged my husband to visit my father. I not only wished to make them friends, but I was also instigated by the desire to have some understanding respecting my dowry, as my father had always promised to settle a sum of money on me when I married. This point I for some time kept secret from my husband, but at length, finding him determined not to visit Spital Square, I brought the subject of the dowry before him.

"If you think, Clara, to tempt me to visit your father," he said, "after the treatment I have received from him, that I may possess a handsome sum of money by so doing, you are greatly in error. If your father is shabby enough to withhold the money he promised to give with you, let him do so. I will not condescend, either directly or indirectly, to ask him for it;" then seeing me about to remonstrate with him, he continued, "Now, Clara dear, you ought to know me sufficiently well to be aware that when once I have made up my mind nothing will alter the resolution I have arrived at."

Grieved as I was at my husband's determination, I could but admire the independence of spirit he showed in the matter of my dowry. I visited Spital Square on more than one occasion, but each time met with the same sad reception. They evidently loved me dearly, but to all my entreaties for them to come to my house they offered some excuse. Edmond, however, came several times, and on one occasion he found my husband at home, who gave him by no means a cordial reception, and in Edmond's manner all trace of his former friendship seemed to have vanished.

I now, to my great joy, had the prospect of becoming a mother. Among other ideas of happiness I had at the coming event was the hope that my child might prove to be a peacemaker between my husband and my family. This conclusion I kept to myself, determining to carry out a little plot I had formed without assistance from any one. I asked my husband's permission to invite my mother to stay with me till the birth of the infant. At first he refused, but on my pressing the request he gave his consent, and I hoped peace would be restored between them.

I now wrote to my mother naming a day for her arrival, but my hopes on the morrow were crushed by my husband informing me that he had some business to transact in Paris, which imperatively demanded his personal attention, and that he would be absent about six weeks. In vain did I endeavour to make some alteration in his plans, but he assured me it was impossible, and that, grieved as he was to leave me, he had no alternative.

During the three weeks which passed after my mother had taken up her residence in my house, I attempted on several occasions to draw from her some explanation of the mystery which hung over

my father's interview with the Baron de Vernieul. At first she avoided my questions, but at length told me she would give no explanation on the subject. She was acting, she said, under my father's orders, and to him she referred me.

Finding all my efforts useless I gave up the attempt, and endeavoured to await with patience the birth of my child. This occurred shortly afterwards, and I found myself the mother of a daughter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALICE'S FEATHER BALL.

I HAVE already narrated to the reader the principal events which occurred in my own history during the first two years after my marriage, and now I will dedicate a short chapter of my book to my poor friend Alice Morgan. During the time I had paid her two visits, one shortly after my marriage, the other nearly at the termination of the two years alluded to. On my first visit I found Alice in the same house she had occupied since her marriage. She appeared delighted to see me, and the more so when I told her I was married. So startling an effect had my disclosure on her, that for some time she appeared almost breathless with surprise. As soon as she had recovered, she asked me whom I had married. I told her M. de Vernieul, a French gentleman and intimate friend of my father's, with whom we had been acquainted for nearly two years. Alice seemed more surprised than pleased at my statement, and then, after a moment's consideration, she said, "You do not mean, ma'am, the French gentleman who for some months past has been visiting so frequently at your house?"

"The same," I said. "But how did you hear of it?"

"From Derigny, who still comes to see me," said Alice, coolly.

I was greatly surprised, and even annoyed at Alice's behaviour, and said to her, "Do you know anything of M. de Vernieul?"

"No," she replied, somewhat slowly. Then speaking more quickly—"No, I know nothing of him."

"Alice," I said, "I do not understand you; what is it you mean?"

"I don't mean anything, ma'am," she replied; and then, with true woman's logic, she added, "but if I must say all, I would much sooner have seen you married to an Englishman than the best Frenchman in France—even the king himself. For the future I shall hate everything French, and everything connected with the country."

For some moments I was dumb with surprise at Alice's strange behaviour. During the many years I had known her, with the exception of the little episode of the garnet brooch, I had never seen her fairly out of temper; but now she had great difficulty in restraining her anger within the bounds of

propriety, even if she had been addressing one of her equals. I was about making some sharp reply, when the appearance of anger seemed to vanish from her countenance, and she burst into tears.

"Alice, what are you crying about?" I said to her; "I must request you to give me some explanation of your conduct."

"What I'm crying about," she said indignantly, flinging herself into her chair, "is nothing to anybody; I'm not obliged to say what makes me cry if I don't like."

"Certainly not," I said, "and I should be the last to ask it. It will be a long time, Alice, before I trouble you again with my presence."

Alice made no reply, and I indignantly left the house.

When my little daughter was born she was then, as she has ever been, the joy of my heart. Often when I looked at her as she lay an infant in her cot I thought of poor Alice, and the sorrow she must have felt at the death of her baby. The idea then came into my mind that I would visit her again, though for some months I struggled against the thought, so strongly had my pride been wounded by the reception I had met from her on the occasion of my last visit. But as my baby grew in health and beauty, poor Alice's misfortune came still more vividly before me, till at last my pride gave way, and one morning, in company with my baby and nurse, I hired a cab and drove to Alice's house. On knocking at the door it was opened by a stranger.

"Is Mrs. Morgan at home?" I inquired.

"No such person lives here," was the answer.

"She did live here," I said. "Can you inform me whether she has gone?"

"No, ma'am, I can't; but perhaps Mrs. Jones, the lodger up-stairs, can. I'll call her."

Mrs. Jones came down, and told me that Mrs. Morgan had removed some months since to a house in — Street, Chelsea. She did not know whether she was there now; but if not, very possibly I should hear where she had gone to if I inquired there. I was upon the point of asking the woman if she knew the cause of Alice's removal, but the moment afterwards I reflected that I could easily obtain it from Alice herself, so thanking Mrs. Jones, I drove rapidly to Chelsea.

At length we arrived at Alice's house, which was of a far more humble description than the one she had left. It was a four-roomed house, in a back street, with a small garden in front, but appeared scrupulously neat, and on entering it the interior did not belie the promise. Here again a strange woman opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Morgan at home?" I asked, entering at the time a room near the door, my nurse following me with the baby.

"She is, ma'am," replied the woman; "you will find her up-stairs on the first floor. These are my rooms on the ground floor."

I apologised for entering her room, and then made my way up a very steep flight of narrow stairs to the first floor, where I found Alice. She welcomed me sorrowfully and respectfully, casting at the time a look at my baby as it lay asleep in the nurse's arms. I seated myself in a chair, and a glance round the room told me all. From the poorness of the furniture as well as the shabbiness of her own dress, I could perceive Alice had suffered some pecuniary misfortune. From a cot in a corner of the room which was evidently occupied, I knew she had had another child. By way of obliterating all traces of our former dispute, I entered into conversation with her in a very friendly manner, and showed her my baby, whom she greatly admired—and I must say with perfect reason.

"And now, Alice," I said, "let me see your baby; which is it, a girl or a boy?"

"A boy, ma'am," she replied, "and a greater beauty," she continued, in the pride of her heart, "I think you will say you never saw."

She now took up her boy, and certainly I must admit, as she held the little darling in her arms, who was then some fifteen months old, I had scarcely ever seen a finer in my life, or one, as he stretched his little limbs on awaking from sleep, more beautifully formed. Well, we were now excellent friends again, and we sat there chatting together, Alice with her boy on her knee, in whose hand she had placed a feather ball, which he rolled about the table, and I with my little daughter asleep on my lap.

But one thing I remarked in my conversation with Alice—she appeared shy and averse to speak on matters connected with her private affairs. In fact, Alice was one of those delicate-minded, true-bred Englishwomen, who seem to hold a display of their misery to others scarcely less repugnant to their feelings of modesty than that of insufficient clothing. I did not question her on it, and it struck me she seemed grateful for my reticence. I remained with her for perhaps half an hour, and we then parted perfectly good friends, I promising to visit her again.

The cause of the change of dwelling of the Morgans I afterwards learnt from the old woman who had charge of Alice's box at the workhouse, and who with her husband, a messenger in a public office, then rented the rooms on the ground floor of the house. From her statement it appeared that Morgan had for some time pursued his business in partnership with Parkinson, and that their transactions had yielded a considerable profit. But although Morgan was naturally ambitious, he possessed a certain amount of prudence. Not so with Parkinson; he was a man naturally reckless in the extreme, honest while successful, but capable of any act of dishonesty when likely by it to extricate himself from a reverse. In one of their speculations the principal

contractor failed, causing Morgan and Parkinson a heavy loss—indeed, so heavy was it, that they had but a few hundreds left, and this money Parkinson ran off with. Morgan, in consequence, became bankrupt, and gave up his house and furniture to his creditors. He then took the small house at Chelsea, occupying the first floor, and letting off the two rooms on the ground floor to the messenger and his wife.

When Morgan had passed through the court, he was obliged to begin life again as a simple artisan, and applied for work to his old employers, and obtained it. He had hoped to have been made foreman, but in this he was disappointed, a very respectable man then occupying the post. As a master, Morgan had been despotic in the extreme, and had made himself personal enemies amongst some of the men engaged in the shop. There was a strong division of opinion among the men concerning the then foreman, some holding him in great respect and good feeling, while others were strongly averse to him. Morgan sided with the latter, and unfortunately these were the least respectable men in the shop, many of them being drunkards. This failing, too frequently found among our working men, was one for which Morgan had a tendency, and he had one of those temperaments that, when under the influence of drink, are quarrelsome in the extreme; and this was the more dangerous as he was endowed with enormous strength.

In some quarrel respecting the discipline of the workshops, the ill feeling against the foreman became further developed, and they insulted him so grossly that he complained to his employers. They made inquiries among the men as to who was to blame, and the majority decided against Morgan and his associates, who were threatened with dismissal in case of a repetition of their behaviour. The foreman was now no longer openly insulted, though these men bore him the same animosity as before, a feeling especially rankling in the breast of Morgan, as the foreman held a post he considered legitimately his own. On some imaginary offence being given by the foreman, Morgan and his friends retired to a public-house to talk over the grievance. Here they remained drinking some time, Morgan loudly exclaiming that he would personally chastise the offender if ever he met him, in such a manner as to teach him how to behave in future to a British workman.

Unfortunately for Morgan, an opportunity soon occurred for fulfilling his threat. One evening, on leaving a public-house with two of his associates, they saw before them the foreman on the other side of the road. Morgan immediately commenced abusing him, encouraged by his companions the while, and offered to fight him. Finding the foreman would not consent to this, Morgan attacked him in so brutal a manner, that the poor man, who

was the older and weaker of the two, fell senseless on the pavement. A crowd collected, and on the arrival of the police, Morgan was taken a prisoner to the station. For some days the foreman was too ill to appear against him, but at last the case was heard, and Morgan sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

When released from prison, Morgan began to

think what apology he should make to his wife for his conduct. While reflecting on the subject he was passing a toy-shop, and stopped mechanically to look at the objects in the window. Among these he noticed a child's feather ball, and he went in and purchased it. On arriving at home he presented it to his boy, and Alice accepted it as a peace offering to herself.

(To be continued.)

ILLUSTRATIONS OF "THE WORD."

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., VICAR OF CLERKENWELL.

"Oh that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory;
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story!"

GORDS are used in order to give expression to man's thoughts. The inner mind is hidden, enshrined within the veil of its own secrecy. Speech is the avenue of outlet, the lifting of the veil; and thereout come the messengers of man's spirit—words, revealing man's inward and secret thoughts.

"*The Word*" is the manifestation of *God's* mind. It is the revelation of the Divine will to man. At the first, one of the great privileges of Eden was that of personal intercourse with God. God walked and talked with man, and in these conversations God's mind and will were made known to man. This was the form in which man received the Word of God in those days. Ere long man sinned; and God withdrew his Presence, and, with this, withheld also his word and communication from man; that is, God drew as it were a veil between himself and man. Henceforth how is God's mind to be made known? Unless Jehovah should mercifully withdraw that veil, his mind could never be known. From time to time God did thus withdraw the veil, and communicate his mind to holy men of old. Hence this drawing aside of the veil was called "Revelation." This was the method that God selected for making known his mind to man. He could, of course, have devised other methods; he could have caused his mind to be written on the sky, to be known and read of all men. He did not, however, so appoint; but reserved to this method the making known his mind to his creatures. Thus, he called Moses to the mountain-top; he caused the "burden of the Lord" to descend upon the prophets; he inspired his apostles and evangelists; and as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, so they wrote the Revelation of God.

The Word of God is the Bible—the Holy Scriptures. There are other voices of God that speak to man, but none so articulate or intelligible

as this. God is ever speaking; his voice is ever heard. He speaks in Nature, and in his works—

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard" (Ps. xix. 2, 3). There is a voice in the falling leaf; there is a voice in the fading grass; there is the language of flowers and the music of the spheres—

"The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh" (Ps. xxix. 3—8).

But the voices of Nature are not enough. They speak to the eye and the ear, but scarcely at all to the heart or conscience. The teaching of Nature is but cold and dead in comparison with the living voice speaking to our inmost hearts—

"Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss:
This Book of stars lights to eternal bliss."

Yes, this Revelation is a book; it is the Book—the Best of books. It is read, preached, circulated, meditated on. It is the message of salvation—God's terms of peace propounded to rebel man. All is first thought over in the mind, and deliberated on; and is then set forth in words. It is like a state-paper, issued on authority: in its earlier stages the subject-matter was moving in the mind of the monarch; then, at the proper time, it is made public, and is thus "revealed" to an expectant people; it is by the public diligently read, scanned, pondered over, and thought upon; then articles in the newspapers, like sermons and commentaries, form the comment and exposition thereof; and all these are the most diligently read and studied by those that are the most deeply interested therein. Thus is it also with the Word of God—the Bible.

The Word of God is *like* to many things. Here are some of the "Illustrations of the Word":—

It is as a *sword*—"The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword" (Heb. iv. 12). It is not a blunt blade, or

a jagged knife; but it is the sharp and decisive dissecting knife of spiritual surgery—"piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow;" and it probes so deep, and searches out so minutely and so searchingly, as that it proves itself to be "a discerner of the thoughts and intents (the very thoughts and intents) of the heart." As a sword of warfare also, it cuts down the enemies of Christ—the doctrines that gainsay and resist the Gospel. It is the all-conquering sword, that fights the battles of the Lord, and wins the conquests of Truth.

It is as a *letter* or *communication* from a father addressed to his children; or from a king addressed to his subjects; with messages suitable to those addressed—messages of love, tidings of good, counsels, advices, directions, promises, congratulations; or else cautions, warnings, admonitions.

It is as a rich *banquet* spread—"a table in the wilderness;" containing "the children's bread," and all manner of food for the soul—"Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matt. iv. 4). The bread of heaven, that nourishes; the water of life, that refreshes; the wine of God, that strengthens; the sincere milk, that feeds; the strong meat, that invigorates; the salt, that seasons; the oil, that softens—these are the meats and drinks ("to do thy will, O God") with which this banquet of the Word is replenished, to the nourishment and the satisfying of the soul—"the finest of the wheat, and honey out of the rock" (Ps. lxxi. 16).

It is as a *mirror*—the mirror of the Word. As a man that "beholdeth his natural face in a glass," so is he that "looketh into the perfect law of liberty" (Jas. i. 23, 25). In that mirror we behold ourselves, our state and condition, our sin and our defilement; and he that "continueth therein" shall ere long behold the better image—the image of the Saviour. It is as a spiritual "dissolving view"—"But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord" (2 Cor. iii. 18).

It is as the *armoury* of the Christian soldier—richly stored with the "weapons of the warfare"—not carnal, but spiritual weapons—and hence their power—"mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds"—strongholds, not only of error in others, but of sin and unbelief in our own selves; the points of resistance at which Satan takes his stand, within and without—"every high thing (or place, as a fort or fortress, of offence or defence) that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God" (2 Cor. x. 4, 5).

It is as a *telescope*—the only means whereby we can be put in communication with things that are beyond and afar off. It is this far-sighted and far-seeing telescope of the Revelation of God that brings those futurities—"life and immortality"—to light. But for this, we would be dependent on the naked eye, so short-sighted and so blind, groping in the dark, guessing at the clouded prospect, and, at best, but half-seeing—seeing "men as trees walking." Therefore the apostle contrasts the eye of our natural state, and the aided eye enlightened by the Word—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. *But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit*" (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10).

It is as a *map*—a map of the Celestial Country, and of the way thither; a chart of the *voyage* of the homeward-bound. Before we visit distant lands, we provide ourselves with maps and charts, and from these we learn somewhat, and beforehand, as to the nature of the country to which we propose to journey; and not only a map of the country and of the road, but also a *description* of the land—of its climate and its inhabitants, of the habits and customs, of the pleasures and enjoyments, and other characteristics, of our future home. Just as God directed the way of the pilgrim Church of the wilderness; and Joshua mapped out the distribution of the land by lot among the tribes of Israel, before they came there; so does the Word of God inform us, beforehand, and now, as to what manner of men we ought to be; and by what way we ought to go; and how we are to be made "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light;" i.e., literally, "meet for the lot, or portion of the lot, of the saints in light" (*εἰς τὴν μερίαν τοῦ κλήρου*—Col. i. 12).

Map of the upward road,
Chart of the onward way,
That leads the pilgrim up to God,
And guides to endless day!

A goodly array of "Illustrations of the Word" will be found in those quaint poems of Christopher Harvey—"The Synagogue," written, as his title-page tells us, "in imitation of George Herbert." He speaks of the Bible as "the Book of books;" as "heaven in perspective;" as "the looking-glass of souls;" as "the magazine of arms;" as "God's cabinet of revealed counsel;" as "the index to eternity:" i.e., ever pointing thither; and, with an apology for the apparent boldness of the poetic license, he further calls the Bible "the God of books!"

This Word of God is the one great text-book in the school of Christ: all his disciples must needs learn of *Him* and of *it*. Hence that very beautiful phrase—by which the South-Sea Islanders

used to designate themselves when brought to the faith of Jesus—"We are Christians; we are *Sons of the Word!*" Such names, so beautifully associated with the Word of God, are strikingly edifying and strengthening. It is a pity, and a drawback also, that we do not more generally adopt this principle in the Christian Church. Even the Jewish dispensation designated the various stages of growing youth by some such suitable names; as, for example, children at five years of age were called "the sons of the law," being at that age taught to *read it*; at twelve or thirteen years old they were called "sons of the precept," being then instructed to *understand the Law of God*; and at fifteen years of age they were called the "sons of the Talmud," being then able to *interpret* the law, and made familiar with the notes and comments and expositions of the Scriptures.

And the more we read and study the Book of God, the more will its beauties and its glories be unfolded to our view. And here I would quote a whole series of "Illustrations" from Bishop Jewel—"the Word of God is the *water of life*, the more ye draw it, the fresher it runneth; it is the *fire of God's glory*, the more ye blow it, the clearer it burneth; it is the *corn of the Lord's field*, the better ye grind it, the more it yieldeth; it is the *bread of heaven*, the more it is broken and given forth, the more it remaineth; it is the *sword* of the Spirit, the more it is scoured, the brighter it shineth!"

There are the higher and the lower uses of the Word of God—for the greater or lesser purposes of man. We may read the Scriptures *controversially, convincingly, or savingly*. A suitable "Illustration" of these three degrees of more or less profitable use of the Word is contained in the following story:—A Frenchman and his wife (both Roman Catholics) began to read together the Word of God. After the few first days' reading, the man exclaimed—"Wife, if this Book is true, we are *wrong!*!" They were reading *controversially*. After a few more days' perusal, he said—"Wife, if this book is true, we are *lost!*!" They were now reading *convincingly*. And after a further continuance in the study of the Word, he exclaimed—"Wife, if this book be true, *we may be saved!*!" Here they were reading the Bible *savingly*. And this last is also the best, and highest, and noblest use of the Scriptures, to read them to "the saving of the soul."

And this suggests a further thought—as to the power of "the Word." It is not in the letter, but in the spirit—"The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life" (2 Cor. iii. 6). It is only as the Word is pervaded by the Spirit of the Word that it becomes a power. Like the axe-head, which in itself is powerless, without the haft or the handle;

but when mounted, its leverage supplies the power. The sword of Gustavus Adolphus, exhibited in a foreign museum, called forth the observation of a visitor that it seemed to him to be no more than any common sword—"But only think of *the arm that wielded it!*" was the appropriate reply. Yea, and *that* made all the difference; and so also with the Word, and the arm of the Lord made bare to reveal it, and to make known its power—"bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ" (2 Cor. ix. 5).

The "letter" and the "spirit"—how diverse are these two, in themselves and in their results! We may read the Bible, and not feel its power; to some, to many, it brings no life, no blessing. It reminds one of the story of the apes in the wood. It was a cold and cheerless night; they espied a glowworm in the hedge, and mistook its lustre for a fire. They heaped up sticks and faggots to warm themselves withal; but in vain, for the glowworm light communicated no fire to the faggots. Thus is it that many use or misuse the Bible, and it communicates no life, no light, no warmth, no spirit to their souls; it is but a cold, chill glowworm to them, and nothing more.

The Word of God is the Rule of men's faith and practice. A "rule" is, in everyday life, an invaluable and essential instrument. Straight lines are drawn by the use of the "rule," and crooked lines are detected by the same. Height is measured, depth is fathomed, length and breadth are spanned, by the means of the measuring rule; and without it all attempts at measurement must be merely guess-work, uncertain and incomplete. And as in natural things, so also in moral things; as in the world of matter, so also in the world of mind. There are true doctrines, and doctrines that are false; and there surely must be some method by which these may be ascertained respectively. Hence the need of a "rule" of *faith*. As the weights and measures are to the market, as the compass to the ship, as the science of figures to all sound calculations—so is a Rule of Faith to things that are *to be believed*. And that "Rule" is the Bible—"ruling himself according to thy Word."

The Word of God is the market of the spiritual man. There all his supplies are to be found—all those viands that constitute the *rich banquet* that we spoke of in the earlier part of this paper. Without this market and its supplies all spiritual health and strength must fail. A man without the food of the Word is spiritually starved; and, when he may have it, and yet he seeks it not, it is sufficient proof that all appetite is gone; that all appreciation of such food has ceased; and that there is no hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Sometimes the soul is straitened in these things through circumstances—through



(Drawn by C. G. LAWSON.)

"I see our home-corner; and, Jack, do not you?"—p. 602.

persecution—or the withdrawal or the withholding of the Word. In this case the soul is like a besieged city, scant of food; weakness, disease, and death make havoc among its citizens. If the beleaguered soul has not been largely provisioned—through the stores of memory and experience, its state will become, day by day, more destitute and desolate. Such were the days of Israel, when Samuel was called—"The word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision" (1 Sam. iii. 1). The market was well-nigh empty; and whatever was brought thither was precious, highly-priced, and therefore prized. And then, when the enemy relaxes his grasp, or withdraws his force, and the gates are opened again, and food enters once more, how that city rejoices, and is refreshed with the return of plenty!

It is therefore well to be ever engaged in laying in stores of the supply of the food of the Word. The soul can thus stand long siege, and its bread fail not. It is well to be able thus to command the market, by having ample stores laid by in the garner of the soul, to draw upon in time of dearth and scarceness. He that has the Word of God treasured up within him, has the market, not only in command, but in possession—the secret source

of a never-failing supply of spiritual food and sustenance. It would be "like" to this:—There were two men who found a tree full-laden with precious fruit. One of them gathered of the fruit for his present want, meaning to come again for more; but the other cleared the tree of all its fruit-bearings, and left none remaining. Thereupon, the former came, and took up the tree, root and all, and planted it in his own garden; and thus secured the fruits, perpetually, from year to year. This is what we must do with the Bible—transfer it to ourselves, make it our own, appropriate it to our own use, and from season to season gather of its fruits for our own supply. This is the Tree of Life; it bears all manner of fruit; and its leaves are for the healing of the nations (Rev. xxii. 2).

I cannot more suitably close this paper than with those instructive and admonitory words of the great and eloquent Sir Walter Scott—

"Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;
And happiest they of all their race
To whom their God hath given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn."

IN LANGUID JUNE.

BY MRS. G. LINNEAUS BANKS.

TIS pleasant to stroll by the unruffled stream
When June's fervid sun seeks the crimsoning
west,
And leisurely look on each lingering beam
So softly caressing the bird on its nest;
To know that the glare of the noontide is past,
That purple clouds steal o'er the crest of the hill,
The smith's clanging hammer will soon be down
cast,
And silence o'ershadow forge, ferry and mill.
'Tis pleasant to feel that the weary old beast
Now dragging the dull barge so drearily on,
Will soon from his harness and toil be released,
Most thankful the sultry day's duty is done;

Afar off, to hear the last swish of the scythe,
To scent the sweet odour that comes from the hay,
And see the tired haymaker, laughing and blithe,
Abandon the meadow for rest or for play.
Now bees flocking hiveward forsake the rich blooms,
And hollyhocks offer their nectar in vain,
'Tis sweet to throw work by, and leave our close
rooms,
To breathe the fresh air in the perfumed green
lane;
Thence stray to the river, and close to the brink
To gather ripe grasses, forget-me-nots blue,
And, flushed with the stooping, rise slowly—to think—
"I see our home-corner; and, Jack, do not you?"

SIGMUND OF THE CAPE.

FROM THE DANISH OF CARL ANDERSEN. TRANSLATED BY THE HON. AUGUSTA BETHELL. IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

HE sun was setting. It hung like a golden cone in the west, and soon a faint streak of light, the last smile of the sun, was all that could be seen on the horizon. The hills and valleys were covered with snow, which crackled under

foot; it was clear frosty weather, and all was as still as the grave as twilight fell.

Presently, looking like small black dots, more than a hundred boats shot out into the bay; they came nearer and nearer, and before long the stillness of nature was awakened by the sound of oar-strokes.

Now there was life at the Cape. All the paths leading from the houses, the doors and windows of which alone separated them from the surrounding sheet of snow, were filled with women and children, who hastened down to the beach with words of welcome to the home-returned fishermen. The boats grated heavily on the shingly shore, for the haul had been heavy. The fish that were thrown on shore made much larger heaps than might have been expected from the number of men and the size of the boats. There was much laughter and mirth over the day's luck; even the sea-gulls seemed full of joy as they hovered in circles over the bright fish that shone like silver in the moonlight. One fisherman alone was sad, and yet he was the owner of the boat most heavily laden. This was Sigmund. He knew now what he had previously suspected—viz., that the smile on Sigrid's cheeks was not for him, but for his younger brother, Vigfus.

Ah! how quickly had she not hastened to fill his coffee-cup, as if there were not others who had also been half-frozen on the sea! And at the sight Sigmund, who was engaged in throwing out the fish in lots to his crew, flung down a cod-fish with such force that the wet gravel sprang up in the air and nearly blinded the lovers. A small stone struck the cheek of an old sailor who was on the point of helping himself to a strong pinch of snuff.

"Have done now; it isn't me who won't have your mighty highness," he growled out, moving away from the dangerous spot.

Sigrid was a fair-haired, bright-eyed, fresh-looking girl of some eighteen years of age. Without being precisely beautiful, she had what may often be seen in Icelandic women—a good figure, soft, harmonious features, and a frank, lively manner, as far removed from unseemly levity as from prudery. She was the only child of a poor widow living at the Cape, at whose house the brothers were accustomed to lodge in the fishing season. They themselves belonged to a district easternwards, where their father was a freehold proprietor; but his farm being small and of no great value, it was necessary to work hard—mow the grass in summer and fish in winter. This was the brothers' third winter out at the Cape. They had not been there long before gossip arose about them and the widow's daughter, and it took a still shorter time for the brothers themselves to find out that both were fond of her. A consciousness such as this between two brothers is like a deceptive cloud on a clear sky, before you are aware bad weather can break out. It was so in this case; many were the times and occasions when their blood was at boiling point. Certainly, such had been the state of affairs since last winter. One Saturday afternoon, the weather being fine and the

tide convenient, the young people of the place assembled as usual for a wrestling match somewhere in the neighbourhood of the boats. There were a great many active young fellows who liked to display their strength and activity to the pretty eyes who were looking on. Sigrid was one of the spectators. The wrestlers are divided into two equal parties, each with a leader. Two and two they all wrestle, then the leaders take their turn, and the one who is victorious goes home at the head of his troop. On this occasion it chanced that the brothers were the leaders, and when their turn came the excitement was great, for both were well known to be powerful wrestlers. It was a hard struggle. Sigmund was heavy and strong-limbed, and ranked for two men as far as strength went; still Vigfus, although slight and slender, was well known to be the bravest climber on the mountain-side, and the most active with his scythe in harvest-time; and it is especially agility and presence of mind that tell in wrestling. It was a pleasure to see him as he stood there; at times he would leap up into the air like a bird, never failing to alight again on his feet. How this pleased the old men! how the girls applauded! Luck was on his side, and, lo! Sigmund the strong was overthrown.

Later that same afternoon Sigmund saw that Sigrid had given Vigfus a pair of blue woollen mittens; and now he had more cause than ever to remember his defeat.

We pass over twenty years from this time. The father of the brothers had died in the spring following this eventful winter. Vigfus hastened to take possession of the vacant home-farm, which was his inheritance, for Sigrid had pledged him her word; while Sigmund, with ready money, redeemed the widow's little property at the Cape, where he determined to settle down. His inclination had always been for the sea; and there were other reasons, but these were not spoken aloud—still, every man at the Cape knew that Sigmund's last words to his brother had been, "It will be well for the future that hill and sea should lie between us."

So the brothers each went his own way, and were, as it seemed, dead to each other. Was Sigmund asked how it fared with Vigfus, he would answer, "Inquire of the raven, he knows as much as I do;" and soon all inquiries on the subject were dropped. And yet his answer was only half the truth; did the air waft the intelligence, or how did it come? Most certainly he made no inquiries, and no one seemed to tell him anything about his brother, and yet he knew well enough that it did not fare well with him. Brekka—so the father's property was called—had deteriorated considerably during the past few years, partly from the drifting of the sand, and

partly from the eruption of Hecla; Sigrid was dead, and Vigfus bowed down with ill-health. All this Sigmund knew; meanwhile he had become the wealthiest man at the Cape. He had enriched himself by land and by sea; year by year he had bought more land, and added it to the widow's original portion, so that it was now a large property. The small hillocks sank beneath hoe and spade, and the grass stood high on the level fields, which were well drained and protected by fences. The old hut made way for a large new house, the red-painted gables of which faced the sea; the window-frames were painted white, and the panes burnished. When the snow had melted in spring, and the golden sun peeped out from between the fresh green foliage, Sigmund constantly stood out on the terrace, and looked over his beautiful property. Perhaps his eight fishing-boats, one after the other, would glide by him in the sunshine out into the bay. Many might then have called him a happy man, envied his riches, and wished themselves in his place.

Could one have read his soul at that moment, would one have held fast to the wish, and exchanged lots with him? For Sigmund was not a

happy man, although all was bright and cheerful around him. How constantly did not the thought arise in his mind: "For whom are you heaping up dollars and dollars? for whom accumulating property? for whom have you built that fine house?"

Alone! alone! At this thought the hard lines would deepen round his mouth, and the sight would cause his servants to pass by in silence to their day's work. He was a competent man; active, shrewd, when advice was wanted, and quick in cases of emergency. He was always resorting to if anything out of the common occurred, and consequently year by year the feeling of his own worth increased. Sometimes he would exercise his authority too much, and show a decided leaning to harshness. This showed itself more particularly in the distribution of parish charity, of which, as of other matters, he had the management.

It seemed to this man, who had begun life with little and risen to great prosperity, that nine times out of ten poverty was a well-deserved thing. He forgot when he closed his hand and his heart, how constantly an unforeseen misfortune can hit even the most industrious and hard-working man.

"DOMESTIC BROILS," AND HOW TO MEND THEM.

BY THE REV. DR. EDERSHEIM, TORQUAY.

FIRST PAPER.

IT is not in virtue of official authority or special qualification that these thoughts are written down. They are simply the result of painful experience in a matter with which we all are only too familiar, and they are committed to paper in the hope that, if the subject were only properly understood, this scandal and misery of so many households might be removed, or, what were infinitely better, wholly avoided.

Somehow, a common impression seems to prevail that there is no union, however happy, without its quarrels. According to the old Scotch song, "the gudeman" and his "Bell" have been married these thirty years, and the question between them is merely about wearing the "auld cloak." Bell is almost a model wife, yet this is the caustic summary of "the gudeman's" experience—

"Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
But she would guide me if she could;
So to maintain a quiet life,
I oft maun* yield, though I'm gudeman."†

Yet, the good Scottish song notwithstanding, the popular axiom concerning the universality of domestic squabbles, is neither wise, true, nor good. On the contrary, it is foolish, false, and pernicious.

* Must.

† Husband.

It is *foolish*, because there is a very long way between domestic quarrels and such differences of opinion as will naturally arise in the course of the most intimate and confidential relationship. It is *untrue*, because there are many Christian households which have never witnessed a real quarrel, and none which ought not to be ashamed of having ever had even a single one. Worst of all it is *pernicious*, because, as Scripture hath it, "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water;" because domestic quarrels are the most fearful perversion of the idea of marriage as presented in Holy Scripture, and because they are alike an outrage upon our common affections and a scandal to our common Christianity.

Now this is strong language, very strong. Whether or not it be too strong, let an illustrative case decide. It is taken from real life, yet so strange it seems that it needs the assurance of personal knowledge to avert the suspicion of exaggeration.

A husband and wife, happily without children, both religious, both devout, both Sunday-school teachers—there they sit at the same table, day by day, they who have sworn before God "to have and to hold, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish," silent, almost speechless! For the last

fortnight they have met and parted, and met again without ever addressing each other, but when it was absolutely necessary. The sun has gone down, and the sun has risen upon their estrangement. I have not dared to ask whether they ventured to kneel down together at family prayer. No family altar could exist under such circumstances. And the reason of all this? Listen, wonder, and take warning. It was neither more nor less than a contention about the exact position of a piece of furniture. The wife maintained that it stood quite straight as towards the wall, while the husband declared that it was not so. Both held to their opinion, and with it their quarrel. In the end, it turned out that, strictly speaking, both had been wrong and both had been right; there was an unevenness in the floor, which made the piece of furniture look straight or awry as the case might be.

Perhaps it may be said that this is an extreme instance. But which of us has not met with some case which bears at least some analogy to it? Granted that none of us is perfect in temper, words, or behaviour. But did we expect such perfectness when we first contemplated marriage, or when we actually entered the married estate? Take, if you like, first, what some may call the *worldly* view. It has ever been the happy dream of your life to have a dear home of your own. However humble, only let it be your own, and it would be happy. How you had, in imagination, filled it with bright visions, and surrounded it with mellow light. You saw yourself in it when you were young and when you were old; when you were strong and when you were weak; when you were in health and when you were in sickness; when you were joyous and when you were downcast; when you brought her first with you, a blooming bride; and when you saw her there surrounded by those dearer to you than life itself! How you wrought for it in your close workshop; in your dingy counting-house; behind that heap of books with the midnight lamp, up in the dreary little attic, where the wind whistled down the chimney, till the grey morning light struggled through the clouds. Well, it *has* come. You have seen her, and you have loved; and she

has given to you her heart and her life. You are in your own home. What now? Are your dreams not only realised, but far surpassed? You hesitate. Where are the fond expressions of endearment you uttered at first? where the feeling of unbounded satisfaction in each other's company, and the sense of a happiness which, come what may, circumstances could never change, so long as they left you one to the other? With whom lies the fault? With you, or with her, or with both? In the words of Schiller—

“ Hot passion will pall,
True love never wanes;
The blossom will fall,
But the fruit remains.”

Has it been so with you?

Or, take the other and higher, the Christian view of the matter. God has created and destined man and woman, the one for the other. Their union alone completes their being, and ensures their perfect earthly happiness. Our Lord has taught us that the marriage bond is not only indissoluble, but that it is closer than any of race or kindred. The affection of husband and wife, and the relation subsisting between them, has been compared in Scripture to that between Christ and the Church. Scripture lays down definite principles for the guidance of husband and wife. It contemplates and provides for almost every possible contingency, from the joyous relationship of being “fellow-heirs of the same hope,” and fellow helpers in the same good work, to that of being joined to an “unbelieving,” or, as primarily intended by the apostle, a heathen husband or wife—all contingencies but one: it does *not* provide for quarrels among Christian husbands and wives; and that, because it does not contemplate them.

It is useless to rake up painful feelings by picturing how and under what circumstances vows were spoken, alas! too often afterwards broken by deeds, or what terrible effect upon children or upon strangers—the world or the Church—these domestic broils have had. Better far to try and mend the matter by “forgetting those things that are behind,” and in the name of our blessed Lord seeking, if need be, to commence anew.

A RUINED CHURCH.



IGH on a hill the ruin stands,
Sole guardian of the barren crest:
The clock has lost its pair of hands,
The vane is rusted into rest.

The walls bear trace of Time's sharp fangs,
The turret leans as toppling o'er,
And in it, sadly silent, hangs
The bell that will be tolled no more.

Gone are the windows and the doors,
And all but roofless is the pile;
While rotted rafters, rotted floors,
Within, are strewing nave and aisle.

Nor less has Ruin wrought around
Its direful work, so sad to see,
Within the trim-kept burial-ground—
The trim-kept ground that used to be.

There now the headstones that should crown
The graves, are sunken or displaced ;
The boundary walls are broken down,
And all is run to woeful waste.

No maidens now, with book in hand,
Go tripping up the churchyard way,
Obedient to the bell's command,
That bid them all go praise and pray.

Nor do their voices ever rise
In sweetest concord from the fane,

And so pass up into the skies,
Invoking blessings—not in vain.

Nought now is heard those walls within,
Nought save the wild and wailing wind,
That wanders like a child of sin,
Seeking the peace it cannot find.

And so the lone old ruin stands,
High on the barren hillock drear,
O'erlooking all the neighbouring lands,
Unvisited from year to year.

JAMES DAWSON, JUN.

THE CHILDREN'S BAZAAR.

PART II.

ATE and Reggie's expedition succeeded to perfection. Every one was delighted with the idea of a "children's bazaar." All the young people, boys and girls, were eager to exercise their ingenuity in making pretty things; and all the mammas unanimously promised to help with advice and materials.

From her godmamma, Lady Walsh, Kate received, to her great delight, a variety of scraps of silk, cloth, and velvet, bits of lace and ribbon, a quantity of coloured wools, and an invitation to spend a day with her to learn a new stitch in knitting.

For the next three weeks they were as busy as bees. Katie's basket of pretty things mounted up very high, and Reggie's ship was nearly finished, still they were as far as ever from knowing what Frank's contribution was to be. His conduct was a perfect mystery. Except at meal-times and at lessons, they rarely saw him; and to all Kate's eager entreaties he vouchsafed no reply.

It was the day of the bazaar. Kate, under her mother's direction, was giving a few finishing touches to the dining-room, which Mrs. Tracy had given up for the occasion, and Reginald was looking admiringly at his ship, which was certainly a very gay little frigate, when Frank came in, his hands behind him, and a very queer smile on his shrewd little face.

"Oh, Frank! is it your contribution at last?" cried Kate, springing towards him.

Frank fairly laughed as he slowly produced it, and laid it on the table before her. It was a copy of a choice old manuscript, one of the gems of his father's library, very cleverly illuminated after the style of the monkish missals, and written in exact imitation of the quaint crabbed characters of the original. It was really a wonderful production for a boy of his age, and showed how much talent, as well as patient industry had been expended upon it. Kate and Reggie were not backward in their expressions of admiration.

"I always said Frank was the genius of the

family!" exclaimed Kate, triumphantly. "And you are our hero, Reggie," she added, turning to her favourite brother, as though afraid he might feel hurt.

Her precaution was unnecessary. Reggie thought it his duty to administer a little judicious snubbing at times to his younger brother to keep him in order, and, as he elegantly phrased it, "to take the bumpituousness out of him;" but nevertheless he had a very honest admiration of his powers, and was far too generous to grudge any praise that might be bestowed on them.

"This has been our secret," said Mrs. Tracy, laying her hand with a pleasant smile on Frank's shoulder. "When you came to my door yesterday morning, Reggie, and were so astonished to find it locked, it was because Master Frank thought it necessary to put away his work, and hide himself in the closet before you could be admitted."

Frank laughed.

"Well, you are a queer fish!" was Reggie's honest, if not very flattering, remark.

"And now, Kate dear," said Mrs. Tracy, looking at her watch, "you must run away and dress. I would not advise you to alter your arrangements any more, for everything looks very nice, and you will only just have time to smooth that untidy hair of yours before our friends come."

But Mr. Tracy having at this moment made his appearance, Kate begged for "a few minutes more" while she led him in triumph round the room. "What do you think of it, papa?" she asked, eagerly.

"I think it does you and your young friends great credit, my dear; the room looks very pretty, and I heartily wish you success."

He was quite right; the room did look very pretty. There were a number of gaily-dressed dolls in every variety of costume; models of ships, and houses, and cathedrals; a wonderful collection of fancy articles, some so highly ornamental that it was all but impossible to discover their use, wax flowers, drawings, illuminated scrolls—in fact, so

many pretty things, that it would be quite hopeless to try and enumerate them.

The most conspicuous were Reggie's ship, a beautifully braided child's frock made by Kate, and a large gaily-painted doll's house, to which had been assigned the place of honour in the centre of the long table. This last was the contribution of their cousins, the Leslies, and was entirely the work of their own hands; the framework having been put together and the furniture made by the boys, while their sisters had dressed the dolls, and fitted up their apartments with great taste and ingenuity.

At half-past four the visitors began to arrive, many of them accompanied by friends whom they had invited for the occasion, and, all wearing their brightest smiles, fully prepared to be pleased with everything, and to enjoy themselves to the utmost. Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that the bazaar was a complete success.

By nine o'clock everything was sold. In another half hour the last of the carriages had rolled away, and Reginald, his face flushed with excitement, poured out a shining heap of gold, and silver, and copper before his father, and begged him to count it.

"Does any one know who bought Frank's book?" asked Kate, while this operation was going on. "I meant to have been on the watch, but was so busy at the upper end of the room that I did not notice when it was sold, though I know it was bought early in the afternoon."

"Mr. Merton," said Reggie; "I suspect Frank must have given him a hint that there was something to be had in his line, for he steered straight for it as soon as he entered the room. I saw his eyes glistening through his spectacles as he turned it over.

"Was it you who sold it then?" asked Kate, eagerly.

"No," replied her brother, laughing, "it was Nelly Greene, but she told me all about it. You should have heard her describe the way in which old Merton grabbed it!"

Master Reggie would probably have received some reproof from his mother for his not very respectful mention of his tutor, but at that moment Mr. Tracy's clear voice broke in. "I congratulate you, children," he said; "you have gained £19 14s. 6d.; I suppose I must add my contribution also, and make it £20. There, don't wring my hand off," he added, smiling at Reggie's energetic demonstrations of delight, but be off to bed as fast as you can; it is past ten o'clock, and you ought to have been asleep an hour ago."

"Oh, mamma! I feel so happy," said Kate, as she wished her mother good night; and her bright face fully confirmed her words.

"And I feel so happy," said Mrs. Tracy, passing her arm round her little daughter's waist, and drawing the two boys closer to her side. "I am very happy to find that my dear children can exercise self-denial and perseverance in the pursuit of a good object, and that they do not confine their pity to mere words. May they never forget the lesson they have learned to-day, that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

M. L. B. KEE.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

230. Quote any passages from the Bible in which the "wine-press" is used as an emblem of trial, distress, and agony.

231. Quote a passage from St. Mark which is a Divine assertion of the inspiration of the Psalms.

232. It is recorded that on one occasion after his ascension, our Lord styled himself "Jesus of Nazareth." Give the instance.

233. There is an incident connected with our Lord's baptism mentioned by St. Luke, and omitted by the other Evangelists. What is it?

234. The devils whom our Lord cast out of the man possessed of them in the country of the Gadarenes made three requests of him. Name them.

235. The fool in the parable (Luke xii. 16) presents a striking resemblance to a person in the Old Testament, in his words, acts, and end. Name him.

236. Give the only instance in the Gospels in which our Lord addressed Simon by his name Peter.

237. We have a reason for supposing that the angels in heaven were hearers of Christ's conversation with his disciples during his earthly ministry. Give a proof of this.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 575.

219. Those to Joseph (Matt. i. 20; ii. 13); to the magi (Matt. ii. 12); to Pilate's wife (Matt. xxvii. 19).

220. Matt. i. 23; ii. 6, 15, 23; iii. 3; iv. 15, 16.

221. 2 Cor. iv. 4.

222. Matt. xv. 7—9; Mark vii. 6, 7; compare Isa. xxix. 13.

223. Matt. xvi. 1; xxii. 23.

224. The sacrifice of Elijah on Mount Carmel (1 Kings xviii. 38); the sacrifice of Solomon, at the dedication of the Temple (2 Chron. vii. 1).

B I B L E N O T E S.

HEALING A DEAF AND DUMB MAN (Mark vii. 32-37).

HEY bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to put his hand upon him." Our Lord was in the neighbourhood of the Sea of Galilee when this sufferer was brought before him. He was deaf, and unable to make any intelligible sounds. These two infirmities with which this man was afflicted often occur together, and, when thus united, they seem more than any other to shut out the victim from profitable intercourse with his fellow-creatures. For by speech we tell each other of our hopes and fears; by speech we bear testimony: and by hearing we receive instruction, and are made to know the things of God. Sad, then, was this case wherein the man could neither hear nor speak, nor understand what was spoken—a worthy object indeed for the Saviour to show his power upon. Him so afflicted his friends bring to the great Healer; they, no doubt, had heard of his fame, for it was noised abroad through all that country; they probably had heard that he had already showed his mighty power in healing sickness and all manner of disease. They believe that he can heal him, and so they bring him. Jesus seeing their faith listens to their request, and will heal him—not, indeed, at the moment, still he does what they ask him, and "puts his hand upon him."

"And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue; and, looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, *Ephphatha*, that is, *Be opened*." This is one of two recorded instances in which the Lord withdrew from the immediate presence of those who witnessed, if not the actual miracle, at least its effects. He took him aside that there might be no mistake as to which was the man, and that none might be able to say that another had been substituted for him, and so a piece of deception had been practised on the beholders. He put his fingers into his ears and touched his tongue, to show who it was that wrought the cure, and to convince the recipient of his love that the healing power was imparted by himself, that so he might have cause to fix his faith on him, and be able to join in the praise ascribed to him afterwards. Jesus looked up to heaven, to teach us whither we should look in all our difficulties. He sighed because he was one with the Father; because God hates disease and disorder, misery and sorrow; because he made the world at first very good, and, behold, by man's sin it had become very bad. He sighed also because he had pity upon the poor man. And yet his infirmity was no such great one: not so great as many Christ had cured before. Still it was a disease,

something out of order, something gone wrong in God's world, and, as such, he could not abide it. He sighed because there was sickness in the world, where there ought to be nothing but health—sorrow, where there ought to be nothing but happiness. He sighed because man had brought this sickness and sorrow upon himself by sin. Having thus shown that he felt for the sufferer in his distress, he said, "Be opened." St. Mark preserves the very word Christ used on this occasion, thus proving that he got his account from one who was an eye-witness of the transaction, and who was within hearing when it took place. The effect of Christ's touch was instantaneous; he had no need to learn by slow practice to use the organs of speech, for at the moment that "the string of his tongue was loosed," at the same moment "he spake plain." They who witnessed this miracle were astonished beyond measure; probably this was the first they had seen him perform, though they had heard before of his power to do such things. Widely did they publish it abroad, though the Lord's charge was that "they should tell no man."

"*He hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.*" In such words as these did the impression produced on the minds of those who brought this man to Jesus to be healed by him find utterance. Long ago Isaiah had set it down as a sign of the coming of Christ that "the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped," and "the tongue of the dumb shall sing." Here we see this prophecy literally fulfilled. Let us fulfil it in our lives. Who is not by nature spiritually deaf? Who does not often either refuse to listen to the voice of truth, or fail to hear it? The spiritually deaf are dumb also. They will not hear, and therefore they cannot speak. We may, it is true, talk a great deal, but unless what we say tends to promote God's glory, we may as well be dumb, and not able to speak.

Christ is the same now as he was when this testimony was borne to him. The world is the same now as it was then. Man is the same now as he was then. Christ, we may be sure, still sighs over sin, for he is man still. Let us come to him in full assurance that he will do for us what is needful. Let us give no occasion by our conduct to draw a sigh from him who can still be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Let us therefore be glad to hear when he instructs us. Let us be free to speak. Let us listen with deep attention to the glad tidings he came into the world to proclaim, and express more loudly and widely than they of old our heartfelt conviction that "he hath done all things well."